JAN 1911

Myra's Journal

3D

THE LEADER OF FASHION

BEETON & Co. Ltd. 10 & 11 FETTER LANE LONDON · E · C ·

VOL XXXVIII. No. 1.] [PRICE THREEPENCE

PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS

The King—God Bless Him!

It is good to feel that the King and Queen are in residence at Buckingham Palace, and they received a right royal welcome from their subjects as they passed on their way to and from the Houses of Parliament on Tuesday. Everyone is glad that King George permitted the Attorney-General to read the document in court, when the now historic trial for libel on his Majesty was over and sentence given. The story has been repeated again and again, until many people had believed there must be truth in it, and its complete refutation and the King's letter of denial have given the greatest satisfaction and pleasure throughout the land.

Our King and Queen will be in London for some time this month, and their younger children will be with them. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria intend to be at Marlborough House for a short period before going abroad. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia are dividing their time between Bagshot and Clarence House for the present. Ere long they will have to begin preparations for their journey to Canada, that wonderful country to which, for reasons of Church and of State, our thoughts are so constantly turned.

In Canada.

Lord and Lady Grey have entertained a very large number of their English friends and relations since they have been in Canada, and, in fact, they may be said to have made the Dominion quite *à la mode*. Every month one hears of people running over there for a few weeks, and a great many people are so much impressed by the potentialities of Canada that many well-known English men and women are now the owners of large tracts of Canadian land. Just now Lord and Lady Grey have with them Lord and Lady Salisbury, with Lord Cranborne and their two elder daughters, and Lady Salisbury is especially interesting herself in land questions in Canada, for she has thought deeply and acted influentially in agricultural affairs in this country. The Canadian problems are at present very different from ours, but they are none the less urgent and interesting. Lady Arran, who is Lady Salisbury's stepmother, is also one of the party, and she has with her her daughter, Lady Winifred Gore. They have a special reason for being drawn Canada-wards just now, as Lady Arran's elder daughter, Mrs. Dougall Malcolm is living there, her husband having been lately appointed to a very important post on the Viceroy's staff. Mr. Malcolm is one of the most brilliant of our younger Imperialists, and only left South Africa last summer, having done exceptional work there over the building up of the new Constitution. It was there that he met his wife, who, as Miss Claire Stopford, was on a visit to Lord and Lady Selborne, and their marriage was one of the most brilliant of last year.

Some Invalids.

Lady Herbert of Lea, who has been critically ill ever since the beginning of the year, is nearly ninety years of age, and is one of the few survivors of the interesting social world of the mid-Victorian times, when she shared the palm as *Queen of Beauty* with the Duchess of Somerset, and moved in the interesting sets described in the early novels of George Meredith and Lord Beaconsfield. For many years now Lady Herbert has spent every spring in Rome, insisting on undertaking the journey there, in spite of several severe illnesses, and now she is as plucky as ever, and gets up nearly every day. Her daughter, Baroness von Hügel, is with her, and Lord and Lady Pembroke come up constantly from Wilton. Lady Dunraven, who is still at Kenry, continues in a very frail state of health, and makes very little progress, though she now takes drives in the neighbourhood whenever the weather allows. Her daughter, Lady Ardee, now quite strong again after the birth of her little daughter, is yachting with Lord Ardee in the Mediterranean, and Lord Dunraven, who has also been

A LUCKY VISITOR TO THE RIVIERA: Captain de Courcy Bower, who has won nearly a quarter of a million at the Monte Carlo tables this season; his luck and his generosity have made him the hero of the hour at Monte

abroad after his severe illness, is just back in England, much the better for his change.

Queen Alexandra's god-daughter.

Last week was a veritable week of weddings; every afternoon seemed to have its ceremony, or, indeed ceremonies, for most of the West End churches boasted awnings on Wednesday and Thursday last.

Lord Worsley's marriage to Miss Alexandra Vivian was a very pretty one, and the slim young bride looked very graceful in her simply made gown of shimmering satin, with its train of ninon and lace upheld by her small nephew, Lord Vivian's son, in flame-coloured tunic and hose. His sister followed with Miss Alexandra Haig, both nieces of the bride, and after them stepped the grown-up bridesmaids wearing mist-grey satin and quaintly-shaped caps of gold lace. Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck were present and were escorted to their seats by Lord Yarborough, who, with Lady Yarborough, sat close by.

Across the aisle was Louisa Lady Vivian wearing a gown and toque of mauve and silver, and with her was young Lady Vivian, in palest grey velvet with a huge hat of the same shade swathed with grey feathers. Miss Violet Vivian, the bride's elder sister, was also in grey with a large black hat.

Near by was Mrs. George Holdsworth, whose first husband was Mr. Assheton-Smith of Vaynol, brother of Louisa Lady Vivian; she wore some wonderful chinchilla furs with her mauve gown. Her daughter, Miss Enid Assheton-Smith, was chief bridesmaid; she and the new Lady Worsley have been just like sisters, for they are just the same age and did all their lessons together.

The Duchess of Wellington was one of the few who wore bright colours, and her gown of soft rose-hued velvet was one of the prettiest to be seen. With her was Lady Eileen Wellesley and her daughter-in-law, Lady Douro, the latter in mauve with pink flowers in her large black hat.

Lady Northbrook, whose daughter, Miss Myrtle Abercromby, was a bridesmaid, looked charming in black with touches of grey-blue and silver; while another bridesmaiden's mother, Lady Dundonald, wore some beautiful furs with her dark blue gown. After the ceremony everyone went on to Great Stanhope Street, where a crowded reception was held at Mrs. Holdsworth's house, and quite late in the afternoon Lord and Lady Worsley set out for Italy, where they intend touring for some weeks. The bride's earliest years were spent in Rome, where the late Lord Vivian was ambassador up to the time of his death. Even in the comparatively short time which has elapsed since then Rome has changed in many ways, but the Embassy and its surrounding buildings remains the same.

The Charteris-Manners Wedding.

The following afternoon saw St. Margaret's crowded once more, this time for the wedding of Lady Letty Manners, second of the three daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, to Mr. Hugo Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho and grandson of Lord Wemyss.

As may be imagined, this was a most picturesque wedding, for both bride and bridegroom come of artistic families, and the Manners sisters inherit their mother, the Duchess of Rutland's, cultivated taste. The bride's gown was of softest satin veiled with lace draped tunic fashion and caught by a golden girdle at the waist, while her train was of white brocaded velvet woven with gold, the arms of the Duke of Rutland and Lord Wemyss appearing as a heraldic bordering. Upholding this regal-looking train came two little girls in pale rose-coloured frocks with chaplets of red roses in their hair, and following them once more were the elder bridesmaids in Botticelli frocks of mist-coloured ninon embroidered with multi-coloured flowers and bordered at neck and waist with tiny green leaves, another note of colour being struck by the bands of red velvet peeping out at elbows and hem, which matched the red roses in their gold lace caps and in their bouquets. The bridegroom's splendid old grandfather, Lord Wemyss, was present, and so were his grandparents on his mother's side, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wyndham, she wearing a dust-

GOWNS AND GOSSIP:

THE PASSING FASHION.

"Lydia Lovelace" will reply to any correspondents who wish her advice on matters of dress (Answers to Correspondents appear at the end of the paper on page 673.)

My Best Friend,—Whenever the powers that be announce the advent of material covered with figured designs, those of the community with somewhat quiet tastes are apt to tremble in their shoes. They conjure up visions of large ladies in handsome brocades with prodigious flowers in high relief upon their surface, or remember with anguish the fashion for Pompadour printed silks with bouquets of flowers which covered one side of the skirt and occupied probably the whole of the back of the bodice! We have had some dreadful epidemics of patterns even in latter-day times. How well I remember the printed delaines when first they came out, the bunches of roses and violets, and other quite unsuitable floral fantasies. Then the foulards with large rings or gigantic spots of white, or the "storm and tempest" patterns of zigzags of white on a blue or mauve gown, are all painful memories. Surely they have gone, never to return?

Of course, there are plenty of people who like a flamboyant thing, whether it be a frock or a house furnishing, music or a play, but, taking the intelligent world as a whole, we find that it is the half-tone, the delicate suggestive pattern, which makes its appeal to it. So when the announcement comes, as it undoubtedly has come, that slightly figured fabrics are being despatched to all the great retail houses from the looms, we have no more misgivings, being confident that good taste has set a certain definite standard, which everybody, be it manufacturer or purchaser, seems to be anxious to retain. The old Paisley patterns were, to say the least of it, startling, but now when we see a Paisley printed ninon with pretty half-tones of blues and greens, soft rosy reds, and touches of bright cadmun yellow, it is all done so delicately that the result is a harmonious blending of beautiful colours, and these again in their turn are often half hidden beneath an upper veiling of mousseline or ninon.

Just at the moment there are some new crêpe-de-chines of most lovely patterns and colourings, besides quantities of soft silks, printed in artistic shades, but the very moment that anything bepatterned gives the slightest shock as regards colour or effect, we know instinctively that it contains discordant elements, and had better be left alone. I send you a sketch of an indoor gown of soft satin of beautiful Persian blue tone, with an upper skirt or tunic, call it what you will, of blue crêpe-de-chine, with a very soft greeny pattern printed over the surface. There is no particular make in this dress; there are the long pointed sleeves, coming right over the wrists, with bell-shaped caps of the crêpe, while the large collar of "old lace" tinted embroidery is carried right round and fastened at the back with a green enamel buckle. Just along the edge of the tunic and at the neck there is a fold of blue velvet. I know so many women who would look lovely in a frock like this. They would slip it on in the afternoon when they were expecting their friends to tea, and it would give them just that gracious, charming appearance which is so very pleasant and attractive.

Supposing that any of you have bought some Paisley silk in the sales, or some printed crêpe or soft satin, and it seems a trifle too garish and strident for the particular mood of the moment, it is easy to soften the whole thing down by a veiling of chiffon, ninon, or net. If, for instance, the whole scheme is to be green, then we should choose a green over-lay. We have only just begun to realise the possibilities of soft shades of copper; even fair women can wear this tone if they ally it with blue, that soft, beautiful blue which suggests Oriental splendours.

An indoor gown of soft satin and printed crepe de chine

There is already abundant evidence that the foulard gown has by no means departed. The newest silks of this description are dyed in soft shades and have very small patterns, or else the patterns are just of that indefinite type which I have endeavoured to describe. The plain gown of crepon will certainly be touched here and there with printed contrasts, and what brilliancy there is will be of the most guarded kind, for crude colouring, like bad patterns have, let us be thankful, vanished from the scene.

The drooping shoulder line is with us as much as ever. There is no attempt to give us sleeves set in a trifle higher. Our waists continue high, our shoulders long, our skirts narrow, not to say skimpy, and what trains there are are of the most elementary description, an apology for a train, in fact. Courts and the Coronation, however, may alter our views upon the train. Many people are already busy thinking out lovely frocks that will do for the Coronation festivities and afterwards in what promises to be a wonderful London season. There are the most matchless embroideries upon net and tulle, and they say we shall all wear tabliers of embroidery, and tunics and over-dresses of the same. Very fine lace over-dresses (but they must be very fine indeed) are always lovely, and some of the white satin gowns and tulle over-dresses fringed with the most delicate crystal strands have a kind of romantic air which suits a Court gown to perfection.

I was told an interesting story the other day, which filtered to me through several channels, of a wholesale manufacturer who said that he was frightened nowadays to produce anything for the sake of mere **prettiness**, and he gave his opinion that, with the exception of a small group of women, it is no longer any use to make unpractical garments. After all, fashions that pinion our arms and keep our legs from moving with perfect freedom are hideous as well as foolish, and it only shows that if we all resented the intrusion of mere whims they would be kept out altogether. Perhaps this is too much to expect, but things are shaping that way.

One or two of the new frocks in Paris are made of striped satin with plain satin hem, while the stripes are partially hidden from view by an over-veiling of mousseline-de-soie. For instance, a blue and green stripe is veiled with blue mousseline and has a dark blue satin hem. Numbers of dresses are made with figured material at the hem, with the lower part of the bodice arranged to match, and some of the bodices with the funny little Empire frill at the waist are very charming upon a slender figure. The efforts of the French dressmakers to preserve the Empire effects have certainly succeeded, and no other style appears to be regarded with any degree of favour. The fichu effect, of which I have written several times, has come back with full vigour, but it is generally transparent, and shows strips of embroidery or the plain material of the bodice beneath.

One or two of the newest coats and skirts are very effective, and the serge frocks, trimmed perhaps with some very coarse net, braided, look well when the net is lined with a colour. Certainly the plain skirt with bodice, blouse, and coat as well, all in harmony, will be an economical arrangement for most of us. When we want to go out looking very smart, we can wear what to all intents and purposes will be a Princess frock; upon a warm day we can wear a ninon blouse to match our skirt and our coat, and upon a chilly day the bodice, which is now so very soft and unobtrusive, will be quite comfortable beneath our coat. Fashion is certainly allied to practicality in this particular instance.

Ever yours,

LYDIA LOVELACE.

Printed for the proprietors at 76, Southwark Street, S.E., and published weekly by MESSRS. BEETON AND CO., LTD., 10 and 11, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.